

O thou whose wounds become hard fauoured death,
Speake to thy father, ere thou yeeld thy breath,
Braue death by speaking, whither he will or no:
Imagine him a Frenchman, and thy Foe.
Poore Boy, he smiles, me thinkes, as who should say,
Had Death bene French, then Death had dyed to day.
Come, come, and lay him in his Fathers armes,
My spirit can no longer beare these harmes.
Souldiers adieu: I haue what I would haue,
Now my old armes are yong *John Talbots* graue. *Dyes*

*Enter Charles, Alanson, Burgundie, Bastard,
and Pucell.*

Char. Had Yorke and Somerset brought rescue in,
We should haue found a bloody day of this.
Bast. How the yong whelpes of *Talbots* raging wood,
Did flesh his punie-sword in Frenchmens blood.

Puc. Once I encountred him, and thus I said:
Thou Maiden youth, be vanquish't by a Maide.
But with a proud Maiesticall high scorne
He answer'd thus: Yong *Talbot* was not borne
To be the pillage of a Giglot Wench:
So rushing in the bowels of the French,
He left me proudly, as vnworthy fight.

Bur. Doubtlesse he would haue made a noble Knight:
See where he lyes inhered in the armes
Of the most bloody Nurser of his harmes.

Bast. Hew them to peeces, hack their bones assunder,
Whose life was Englands glory, Gallia's wonder.

Char. Oh no forbear: For that which we haue fled
During the life, let vs not wrong it dead.

Enter Lucie.

Lu. Herald, conduct me to the Dolphins Tent,
To know who hath obtain'd the glory of the day.

Char. On what submissiue message art thou sent?
Lucy. Submission Dolphin? 'Tis a meere French word:
We English Warriours wot not what it meanes.
I come to know what Prisoners thou hast tane,
And to suruey the bodies of the dead.

Char. For prisoners askst thou? Hell our prison is.
But tell me whom thou seek'st?

Luc. But where's the great Alcides of the field,
Valiant Lord *Talbot* Earle of Shrewsbury?
Created for his rare successe in Armes,
Great Earle of *Walsford*, *Waterford*, and *Valence*,
Lord *Talbot* of *Goodring* and *Wichinfield*,
Lord *Strange* of *Blackmere*, Lord *Verdon* of *Alton*,
Lord *Cromwell* of *Wingfield*, Lord *Furnivall* of *Sheffield*,
The thrice victorious Lord of *Falconbridge*,
Knight of the Noble Order of *S. George*,
Worthy *S. Michael*, and the *Golden Fleece*,
Great Marshall to *Henry* the sixt,
Of all his Warres within the Realme of France.

Puc. Heere's a filly stately stile indeede:
The Turke that two and fiftie Kingdomes hath,
Writes not so tedious a stile as this.

Him that thou magnifi'st with all these Titles,
Stinking and fly-blowne lyes heere at our feete.

Lucy. Is *Talbot* slaine, the Frenchmens only Scourge,
Your Kingdomes terror, and blacke *Nemesis*?
Oh were mine eye-balles into Bullets turn'd,
That I in rage might shoot them at your faces.
Oh, that I could but call these dead to life,
It were enough to fright the Realme of France.
Were but his Picture left amongst you here,

It would amaze the proudest of you all.
Giue me their Bodyes, that I may beare them hence,
And giue them Buriall, as becomes their worth.

Pucel. I thinke this vpstart is old *Talbot's* Ghost,
He speakes with such a proud commanding spirit:
For Gods sake let him haue him, to keepe them here,
They would but stinke, and putrifie the ayre.

Char. Go take their bodies hence.
Lucy. He beare them hence: but from their ashes shall
bereard

A Phoenix that shall make all France appeare'd.
Char. So we be rid of them, do with him what y wilt.
And now to Paris in this conquering vaine,
All will be ours, now bloody *Talbot's* slaine. *Exit.*

Scena secunda.

SENNET.

Enter King, Gloucester, and Exeter.

King. Haue you perus'd the Letters from the Pope,
The Emperor, and the Earle of Arminack?

Glo. I haue my Lord, and their intent is this,
They humbly sue vnto your Excellence,
To haue a godly peace concluded of,
Betweene the Realmes of England, and of France.

King. How doth your Grace affect their motion?
Glo. Well (my good Lord) and as the only meanes
To stop effusion of our Christian blood,
And stablish quietnesse on euery side.

King. I marry Vnckle, for I alwayes thought
It was both impious and vnnaturall,
That such immanity and bloody strife
Should reigne among Professors of one Faith.

Glo. Beside my Lord, the sooner to effect,
And surer binde this knot of amitie,
The Earle of Arminacke neere knit to *Charles*,
A man of great Authoritie in France,
Proffers his onely daughter to your Grace,
In marriage, with a large and sumptuous Dowrie.

King. Marriage Vnckle? Alas my yeares are yong:
And fitter is my studie, and my Bookes,
Than wanton dalliance with a Paramour.
Yet call th' Ambassadors, and as you please,
So let them haue their answers euery one:
I shall be well content with any choyce
Tends to Gods glory, and my Countries weale.

Enter Winchester, and three Ambassadors.

Exet. What, is my Lord of Winchester install'd,
And call'd vnto a Cardinalls degree?
Then I perceiue, that will be verified
Henry the fift did sometime prophesie,
If once he come to be a Cardinall,
Hee'l make his cap coequall with the Crowne.

King. My Lords Ambassadors, your feuerall suites
Haue bin consider'd and debated on,
Your purpose is both good and reasonable:
And therefore are we certainly resolu'd,
To draw conditions of a friendly peace,

Which

Which by my Lord of Winchester we meane
Shall be transported presently to France.

Glo. And for the proffer of my Lord your Master,
I haue inform'd his Highnesse so at large,
As liking of the Ladies vertuous gifts,
Her Beauty, and the valew of her Dower,

He doth intend she shall be Englands Queene.
King. In argument and prooffe of which contract,
Beare her this lewell, pledge of my affection.

And so my Lord Protector see them guarded,
And safely brought to *Dover*, wherein ship'd
Commit them to the fortune of the sea. *Exeunt.*

Win. Stay my Lord Legate, you shall first receiue
The summe of money which I promised
Should be deliuered to his Holinesse,
For cloathing me in these graue Ornaments.

Legat. I will attend vpon your Lordships leysure.
Win. Now Winchester will not submit, I trau,

Or be inferiour to the proudest Peere;
Humphrey of *Gloster*, thou shalt well perceiue,

That neither in birth, or for authoritie,
The Bishop will be ouer-borne by thee:

He either make thee stoope, and bend thy knee,
Or sacke this Country with a mutiny. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

*Enter Charles, Burgundy, Alanson, Bastard,
Reignier, and Ione.*

Char. These newes (my Lords) may cheere our droo-
ping spirits:

'Tis said, the stout Parisians do reuolt,
And turne againe vnto the warlike French.

Alan. Then march to Paris Royall *Charles* of France,
And keepe not backe your powers in dalliance.

Pucel. Peace be amongst them if they turne to vs,
Else ruine combat with their Pallaces.

Enter Scouts.

Scout. Successe vnto our valiant Generall,
And happinesse to his accomplices.

Char. What tidings send our Scouts? I prethee speak.

Scout. The English Army that diuided was
Into two parties, is now conioyn'd in one,

And meanes to giue you battell presently.

Char. Somewhat too sodaine Sirs, the warning is,
But we will presently provide for them.

Bur. I trust the Ghost of *Talbot* is not there:
Now he is gone my Lord, you neede not feare.

Pucel. Of all bafe passions, Feare is most accurst.
Command the Conquest *Charles*, it shall be thine:

Let *Henry* fret, and all the world repine.

Char. Then on my Lords, and France be fortunate.
Exeunt. Alarum. Excursions.

Enter Ione de Pucell.

Puc. The Regent conquers, and the Frenchmen flye.
Now helpe ye charming Spelles and Periapts,
And ye choise spirits that admonish me,
And giue me signes of future accidents. *Thunder.*
You speedy helpers, that are substitutes

Vnder the Lordly Monarch of the North,
Appeare, and ayde me in this enterprize.

Enter Fiends.

This speedy and quicke appearance argues prooffe
Of your accustom'd diligence to me.

Now ye Familiar Spirits, that are cull'd
Out of the powerfull Regions vnder earth,

Helpe me this once, that France may get the field.
They walke, and speake not.

Oh hold me not with silence ouer-long:
Where I was wont to feed you with my blood,

He lop a member off, and giue it you,
In earnest of a further benefite:

So you do condescend to helpe me now.

They hang their heads.

No hope to haue redresse? My body shall
Pay recompence, if you will graunt my suite.

They shake their heads.

Cannot my body, nor blood-sacrifice,
Intreate you to your wonted furtherance?

Then take my soule; my body, soule, and all,
Before that England giue the French the foyle!

They depart.

See, they forsake me. Now the time is come,
That France must vale her lofty plumed Crest,
And let her head fall into Englands lappe.
My ancient Incantations are too weake,
And hell too strong for me to buckle with:
Now France, thy glory droopeth to the dust. *Exit.*

*Excursions. Burgundie and Yorke fight hand to
hand. French flye.*

Yorke. Damsell of France, I thinke I haue you fast,
Vnchaine your spirits now with spelling Charmes,
And try if they can gaine your liberty.

A goodly prize, fit for the diuels grace.
See how the vgly Witch doth bend her browes,

As if with *Circe*, she would change my shape:
Puc. Chang'd to a worser shape thou canst not be:

Yor. Oh, *Charles* the Dolphin is a proper man,
No shape but his can please your dainty eye.

Puc. A plaguing mischeefe light on *Charles*, and thee,
And may ye both be sodainly surpriz'd

By bloody hands, in sleeping on your beds.

Yorke. Fell banning Hagge, Inchantresse hold thy
tongue.

Puc. I prethee giue me leaue to curse awhile.

Yorke. Curse Miscreant, when thou comst to the stake
Exeunt.

*Alarum. Enter Suffolke with Margaret
in his hand.*

Suff. Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner.
Gazes on her.

Oh Fairest Beautie, do not feare, nor flye:
For I will touch thee but with reuerend hands,

I kisse these fingers for eternall peace,
And lay them gently on thy tender side.

Who art thou, say? that I may honor thee.

Mar. Margaret my name, and daughter to a King,
The King of Naples, who so ere thou art.

Suff. An Earle I am, and Suffolke am I call'd.

Be not offended Natures myracle,

Thou art allotted to be tane by me:

So doth the Swan her downie Signets faue,

Oh stay: